

THE ROBIN.—I have been watching the robins from my veranda, and they have been watching me. What opinion they have formed of me I cannot tell. But I regard them with admiration increasing every year. Sweet is the note of this cousin, the wood-thrush. I must pronounced the common robin not only his superior, but, on whole, the sweetest of all northern singers. I cannot imagine how such praise, out of proportion and extravagant, have been heaped on the wood-thrush. The quality of its note is fine; but it lacks vigor, continuity and variety. It is refined, sad, and even sorrowful. I should say that the wood-robin had not a great sorrow in early life, and had never got over it. But the common robin is the very emblem of joyous and robust bird-mankind. It seems no relation. It sings out of no leafy cell. At morning and at night, from some open tree, it pours out a continuous song, full of tenderness, yet spirituous, ringing and jubilant. The range of note is very considerable. The range is not a soft, breathing song, like the sparrow's, (whose quality is second to no other bird's.) The robin gushes. He never tires. He sings by the half hour, and fills all the region around with melody; and when two or three in emulous strife are singing near together, the whole air seems full and overflowing. He shall have strawberries and cherries. The cedar bird is a thief, in spite of his fine apparel and jaunty tuft on his head. He eats none of my insects, sings me no song, pays me no visit, until peas and strawberries come; but then, ah! how familiar. He silently hovers in my pea-bush, flits open the tender pods and swallows the contents. Away the painted gnat goes to my cherry trees and gorges the sweetest and ripest of the fruit. Then to my strawberry bed goes he, and like a very prodigal he wastes more than he eats, returns no thanks, flies away, and no more is heard of him till the next year.

Not so, with that gentleman, the robin. He comes early, builds close by you, sings you morning and night his best chorals, digs grubs in your garden, clears worms from your trees, and only asks a mouthful of that fruit in return which he has helped to preserve for you. Let any cat make his will before he concludes to touch my robins.

GOING TO CHURCH.—Many years ago, when Daniel Webster stood at the summit of his commanding influence, upon a certain Sabbath, he entered a small Methodist church in the vicinity of Washington. The number of persons in attendance was few, and the house and furniture were of a inferior description. The preacher was a plain, unlettered man, who had never enjoyed any advantages of education, but who did possess a heart warmed by the glow and excellence of the Gospel.

At the close of the services, as Mr. Webster was leaving the house, a clerk of one of the departments, who had been present, accosted Mr. Webster and expressed regret that a man of his eminence and extensive information, should have been compelled to listen to so plain a discourse. You mistake, replied Mr. Webster: "I have been interested and moved by the sermon. As you say, the preacher has no learning from books, but he has evidently been instructed by highest of teachers—the Spirit of God. We go to church, sir, not merely to have our minds enlightened, but to have the emotions of our hearts awakened and excited towards divine things. This ignorant man, as we call him, has attained a reach of knowledge which no mere learning can give. He has taught us our duty to God. May we perform it!"

"PITCH INTO NICODEMUS."—A celebrated character of the State of New York, holding a high post in the law, was lately taken ill and confined to his bed for several days. His wife, who is an angel of a woman, proposed to read for him, to which he readily assented.

"My dear, what shall I read?"

"Oh I don't care much what, anything you please."

"But have you no choice, dear?"

"None in the world, love; please yourself."

"Shall I read a chapter or two of the Scriptures?"

"Yes," said Jim, "you are perfectly right, my friend; but why do you ask the question?"

"To tell the truth, then, sir, and shame the devil," said Jim, "you do be havin' the right password for a son of Temperance, entirely; but by the Holy Virgin and the blessed Saint Patherick, ye got the wrong snell."

"Any part you like, love."

"But, dear, you must have some choice, some little preference, we all have that."

"No, I have none in the world; read any part you like best."

"But I would rather please you, dear John, and you surely have a preference."

"Well, then, dear, if you will please me, then pitch into Nicodemus!"

MARK TWAIN says Horace Greeley tried to make a living as a writing master and failed. His copy was, "virtue is its own reward," and the scholars got it. "Washing with soap is wholly absurd."

"Why is the name of George Washington any more to be respected and honored than mine?" said a teacher to his pupil. "Because he never told a lie," was the discriminating but not over complimentary reply.

A Green Sharp.—A gentleman remarking in a tavern that he had beaten a hawk at nine yards with No. 6, shot, another replied:

"Must have a good gun, but Uncle Dave here has one that beats it."

"Ah!" said the first, "how far will it kill a hawk with No. 6 shot?"

"I don't know shot or ball either, answered Uncle Dave himself.

Then what do you use, Uncle Dave?"

I shoot with salt altogether. I kill my game so far with my gun that the game would spike before I could get it."

WORK AND WIN.—Whatever you try to do in life, try with all your heart to do well; whatever you devote yourself to, devote yourself to completely; in great aims and small be thoroughly in earnest. Never believe it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the comparison of the United States. Young informed Mr. Trumbull that he must not be surprised if after returning to Washington he heard that some federal officers were put out of Utah without their consent. Mr. Trumbull suggested that it would be better to consult the President beforehand; it might be embarrassing otherwise. There was some conversation on the laws against bigamy, which Brigham, of course held in fine contempt. Hospitality was dispensed sparingly, and the visitors were treated while they stayed with cold and distant politeness.

—It is stated on reliable authority from Richmond, that Gen. Canby has written to the members elect of the new Legislature, recently elected in Virginia, individually, to find out how many are ready to take the test oath. In case there is a quorum able to qualify, he will call the Legislature together excluding those unable to take the oath, and have United States Senators elected and the fifteenth amendment ratified. The incompetent members may then come in under the state constitution. If there is not a quorum, he will order new elections to be held in districts represented by those who cannot take the oath. By this process, two radical United States Senators will be elected, probably Governor Wells and L. H. Chandler.

—A young lady at Troy, while engaged in conversation with a gentleman, a few days since, spoke of having resided in St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native place?" Well yes—part of the time, responded the lady.

An Irishman decapitated a turtle, and afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks into its mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding, exclaimed: "Why, Pat, I thought the turtle was dead!" "So it is, ma'am, but the crather's not sensible of it."

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—While an ignorant lecturer was describing the nature of gas, a blue-stocking lady inquired of a gentleman near her what was the difference between oxygen and hydrogen? Very little, madame," said he; "by oxygen we mean pure gin; and by hydrogen, gin and water."

—Deacon B., of Ohio, a very pious man, was noted for his long prayers, especially in his family.

One Monday morning the deacon and his wife were alone, and as was his custom, after breakfast, a prayer was offered. There being an unusual amount of work that day, the deacon's prayer was short, and seizing his hat, and milk pail he started for the barn. His wife being deaf did not notice his absence, but supposed him to be still engaged in prayer. On his return from milking he was surprised to find her still kneeling. He stepped up to her and shouted "Amen," when she immediately arose and went to her work as if nothing had happened.

—One of our eminent citizens had company a few evenings since, when the euphony of different languages, particularly the German, was disturbed. A little ten-year-old boy "sat in his ear" thus: "Ma, I can talk Dutch." "You talk Dutch, Georgie. Let me hear you." The boy tailed hopefullly promptiy gave a taste of his lingual quality as follows:

"Who'e pin here since Ise pin gone!"

—A reader writes that he takes no stock in the "new woman's club." He says the old woman's club is enough for him, and frequently to much.

Taz Wrong Smell.—A high officer of the Sons of Temperance was presenting himself with the smell of grog he had been drinking, upon him, at the door of a "Division" for admission, was waited upon by an Irish sentinel, to whom he gave the password, when the sentinel said:

"Sir, he an' ye are Mister O'Wright, the Grand Worthy Patriarch of the State of Kaintucky, I do be after believin'."

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—Alexander H. Stephens persists, though "barely able to sit up," as he says, and unable to walk or stand without assistance, in writing letters. His interminable announcements of his withdrawal from public affairs, remind one of the record found in the closet of an old teper, whose many excellent resolutions were not followed by a corresponding practice and reform. On the door, plainly marked in chalk, was recorded, "February 36, left off drinking," and then "February 26, left off again."

—During the visit of the western commercial party at Salt Lake City last week, Senator Trumbull and Brigham Young had a brief conversation of a few minutes' length on the relation of that territory to the government of the United States. Young informed Mr. Trumbull that he must not be surprised if after returning to Washington he heard that some federal officers were put out of Utah without their consent. Mr. Trumbull suggested that it would be better to consult the President beforehand; it might be embarrassing otherwise. There was some conversation on the laws against bigamy, which Brigham, of course held in fine contempt. Hospitality was dispensed sparingly, and the visitors were treated while they stayed with cold and distant politeness.

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